

Holt County Sentinel
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A purely vegetable distillation entirely
unlike all other remedies.
The preparation of this remarkable
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and it is not until the most perfect
state of purity has been reached that
it is ready for use. It is a purely
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THE OLDEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JUNE 14 1878

NUMBER 52

VOLUME XXI

HOLT COUNTY.

What a Virginia Lawyer Thinks
of its Climate, Soil and People.

Carter M. Louthan, Esq., of Berryville, Clark county, Virginia, who recently visited Holt county, published the following account of his trip, in the Berryville Courier, on his return home:

SEBASTIAN, VA., MAY 23d, 1878.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN.—I have recently returned from a visit to Missouri—the empire State of the West. Washed along its entire eastern boundary by the grandest river in the world and watered through its centre by a river whose valley is not less famed than that of the Nile, Missouri is to-day as rich, in all the true sources of empire, as any land upon which the beneficent beams of heaven ever shine.

Within her borders she has iron enough to supply the demands of civilization to the remotest period of time. Coal, in the greatest abundance, sleeps in her bowels, and timber, in all its varieties, rejoices upon her hill-tops and luxuriates in her valleys. Her lead interest alone is sufficient to rank her, when fully developed, first in wealth, and it has already placed her high in the ascending grade of enterprise and population. Her flocks are literally the "cattle upon a thousand hills," and hogs are so numerous it is feared they will "root out" all other enterprises save the Pilot Knob in the Iron Mountain.

The mineral section is most available in the southeastern and southwestern parts of the state—the lead mines of St. Francois and Jasper counties responding most liberally to enterprise and capital. Iron Mountain, the largest part of which is in St. Francois county, is said to contain 330,187,375 tons of iron ore, or 1,655,380,000 cubic feet. If this ore were distributed equally amongst all persons of the U. S., each man, woman and child would have about 45 tons.

Agriculturally, Missouri is unsurpassed. In the section that I visited, fertilizers are not unknown. A farmer, to whom I spoke of guano, did not know whether it grew in hills, like potatoes, or on stalks, like corn. He had never heard of it before.

I visited the northwestern portion of the state, known as the Platte purchase. It is composed of the counties of Platte, Buchanan, Andrew, Nodaway, Holt and Atchison. St. Joseph, in Buchanan county, has a population of about 30,000. My time, in this portion of the state, was spent principally in the counties of Holt and Platte. These counties have excellent railroad facilities. It is claimed that the counties, comprising the Platte purchase, constitute the finest body of agricultural land in the U. S. The soil is well adapted to the growth of all cereals.

Stock is a specialty. The finest cattle and hogs are raised, and the annual shipments thereof constitute a source of great revenue. I was longer in Holt county than in any other county in Missouri and, consequently, learned more of it than of any other county that I visited. The town of Oregon, the county seat of Holt, is one of the most attractive that I visited. It contains a population of about 1200. The people are hospitable and courteous. They are alive on the subject of education. The State Normal school for the northwest portion of the state is located there. It was my pleasure to visit this institution and, from my observation, I learned that in Oregon at least, the best appliances have been brought into requisition to elevate the standard of education. The building is large and complete in all of its appointments, and the teachers—of whom the principal is Professor Hill—are earnest, efficient and thoroughly and laboriously conscientious in the discharge of their duties. The people of Oregon feel a just pride, not only in the architectural style of their public school buildings, and the character of talent employed to conduct the schools. The interest in public schools, everywhere manifested in this country, impressed me most favorably. The people have learned the true secret, not only of elevating their own moral and intellectual standard, but of recommending their county to strangers who visit it with a view to casting their lot amongst them. I visited several counties in Missouri, but was more attracted by the educational facilities of Holt than any other. This may be due to the fact that I became personally acquainted with the principal of the State Normal school, and was impressed with his earnestness and zeal in the discharge of the duties for which he is thoroughly qualified both by education and natural endowments.

There are two newspapers published in Oregon. The Holt County Sentinel is edited by W. W. Davenport, Esq., and the Holt County Press by Clarke Irvine, Esq. To both of these gentlemen I am greatly indebted for courtesies extended. They represent respectfully the Republican and Democratic sentiment of the county, but are both earnest advocates of the material interests of Holt and doing all in their power, by fair and earnest representations, to make known the advantages of the section in which they

are laboring. In addition to the SENTINEL, and the Press there are two other papers published in the county—known respectively as the Mound City Globe and the Craig Enterprise. The Globe is edited by C. Barnes, Esq., of Jefferson county, W. Virginia, who seems to be making a success in the town of his adoption. I had the pleasure of meeting him several times in Missouri and was assured by him that Missouri was the heart of the world, Holt County the heart of Missouri, and Mound City and vicinity the heart of Holt County. I may not quote the exact language, but I do not think it is stronger than the original. I will say for your benefit, Mr. Editor, that a county of 15,000 inhabitants that liberally supports four newspapers, is one that may be regarded very high upon the up grade of advancing intelligence.

Whatever may be said of Mound City, (I did not have an opportunity to visit it) Oregon is certainly a very attractive town. The buildings are generally of the cottage style, but the air of neatness and taste that surrounds them is most pleasing. There are, I suppose, very few buildings in the town whose cost was over \$1,500. (I refer to private residences), but I was never more thoroughly convinced that the display of taste is a great compensation for the lack of expenditure. Houses in our county upon which more than double has been expended, seem to have less of the true home surroundings about them. There is scarcely a dwelling house in the town that has not a fruit lot attached. Apples, pears, peaches, strawberries, raspberries, currants, grapes, gooseberries, and all the fruits, both great and small, are cultivated and grown in great perfection. Oregon is not less an orchard than a town, and the people are literally in the midst of an earthly Eden where

"The masting vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently
creeps luxuriant."

Holt county, financially, is in good condition. County warrants are not soiled to the tune of 35¢ per cent, but the holder obtains the money, dollar for dollar, on presentation.

The religious atmosphere is healthy and the several denominations seem united in their efforts to promote the common cause. According to my present recollection the Christian, Presbyterian and Methodist Churches are the only denominations that have organizations in Oregon. The ministers of the several churches are devoted to their work. The Christian Church is, perhaps, the strongest in the State of Missouri. I did not have access to statistics, but at every point, at which I stopped, I found a flourishing organization. The Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians are also very strong in Missouri. There is a beautiful feature, as I am informed, that characterizes the Christian Church. It is this: "If a member of any other orthodox denomination comes the neighborhood and there be no organization of the church to which he belongs, he is offered a Christian home, with all the privileges incident to membership, so long as he remains."

I attended the Circuit Court in session at Oregon during my stay there. Judge Kelly of the 29th Judicial circuit, presided with much dignity. Points of law, made by opposing counsel, were decided by the court promptly, and generally without argument. Attorneys having learned that the court did not require the aid which interested counsel as often too willing to proffer. The ability of the Judges so far as I was able to observe was fully equal to that of those of our own state.

I found a number of Virginians in my travels through Missouri. I was treated with great cordiality by all, but there seemed to be a special tie binding the hearts of all who hailed from the Old Dominion. There was not a Virginian in the state, with whom I met, that did not give me a warmer grasp when I learned that I was from his native soil. The invariable expression, however, was: "We love the old state and cherish her memory as the object of our chief regard, but we find that we are better off here—there is more manliness—a wider field. It is not that we love cheapness and parsimoniousness, but that we love the inexhaustible fertility of this virgin soil more." "We miss the gentle whispers of the zephyrs that float among the undulating tops of old Virginia's majestic peaks, but we are comforted when we hear the mighty rush of the war horse, in his unbridled path, to bear the fruits of our labors to the places that are desolate in the earth, and to the far off isles of the Sea. We love to cherish the sentiment that clings to a thousand tender associations, around the ten thousand sweet and happy memories of our childhood's magic land, but for pork and beans, hogs and hominy, wheat, rye, barley, oats and such like, we are just as far ahead of the old state as it is possible for Professor Venable, of the University, to see through the new McCormick telescope.

Well, I am afraid I have wearied you and your readers, but before closing, I will say that if there is a farmer who contemplates going to Texas,

Kansas, California, or any other point, first to "pause and ponder." Let him visit Northwest Missouri, and if he is not pleased with that country then let him go farther and probably fare worse. If he goes to Kansas, the unsophisticated grasshopper will vex his righteous soul and destroy his hard earned substance. If he goes to California, the chills will shake him until he will not be able to determine whether he is some sort of a patient invention for perpetual motion, or the tumbling shaft of an old-fashioned threshing machine.

I do not advise any man to leave Virginia. "Every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind." We are all bound, as with hooks of steel, to the dear old state. Every hill-top and valley; every quiet glade and mystic mountain glen has associations that are as tender as those of a child for his mother. The very air that we breathe; the valleys that smile in their rich treasures of beauty; the mountains that stand out in their silent grandeur to meet the deep blue of the azure skies; the classic streams and exhilarating fountains, all unite with the voices of our noble men and noble women, in eloquence of almost resistless power, to persuade us to linger. These are influences that none can feel more strongly than the heart of a true Virginian; but if any persons desire to exchange their present homes for the west, there is no part of it that offers more compensation for the sacrifices incident to a change than the county to which I have referred. To those who are willing to "learn to labor and to wait," the field is inviting. The climate says come! The soil says come! The people say come! That section is destined, at no distant day, to be the centre of wealth and population, as it is now the geographical center, into which must flow all the influences that conspire to enoble, elevate and refine the most cultivated tastes of a happy, generous and prosperous people.

Respectfully,
C. M. L.

Judging from Appearances.

When Malus was a district of Massachusetts, Ezekiel Whitman was chosen to represent the district in the Massachusetts legislature. He was an eccentric man, and was one of the best lawyers of his time. He owned a farm, and did much work on his land; and when the time came for him to set out for Boston his best suit of clothes was a suit of homespun. His wife objected to his going in that garb, but he did not care.

"I will get a nice suit made as soon as I reach Boston," he said. Reaching his destination Whitman found rest at Doolittle city tavern. Let it be understood that he was a graduate of Harvard, and at the tavern he was at home. As he entered the parlour of the house he found several ladies and gentlemen assembled, and heard the following remark from one of them:

"Ah, here comes a countryman of the real homespun genus. Here's fun."

Whitman stared at the company and then sat down.

"Say, my friend are you from the country?" remarked one of the gentlemen.

"Yes," answered Ezekiel with a ludicrous twist of the face.

"And what do you think of our city?" asked one of the ladies.

"It's a pretty thickly settled place, anyhow. It's got a sweeping sight of houses in it."

"And a good many people too?"

"Yes, I should guess so."

"Many people where you come from?"

"Wal, some."

"Pleasy of ladies I suppose?"

"Yes—as a fair sprinkling."

"And I don't doubt that you are quite a bean among them?"

"Yes, I beans 'em home, tow meelins and singin' skew!"

"Perhaps the gentlemen from the country will take a glass of wine?"

"Thank'ee. Don't keef if I do."

The wine was brought.

"You must drink a toast."

"Oh, git out! I eat toast; never heard of such a thing as drinkin' it. But I can give you a sentiment."

The ladies clapped their hands; but what was their surprise when the stranger, rising, spoke calmly and clearly as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to wish you health and happiness, and every blessing earth can afford; and may you grow better and wiser in advancing years, bearing ever in mind that outward appearances are deceitful. You mistake me, from my dress, for a country booby; while I from the same superficial cause, thought you were ladies and gentlemen. The mistake has been mutual."

He had just finished when Caleb Strong, governor of the state, entered and enquired for Whitman.

"Ah Here I am, governor. Glad to see you."

Then turning to the dumbfounded company, he said:

"I wish you a very good evening."

HAYES' TALKS.

He Positively Declares His Absolute Innocence of any Knowledge of Fraud.

He Asks No Pardon and Claims no Gratitude for Simply Doing his Duty.

(Special Dispatch to the Enquirer.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 21.—The President in conversation yesterday with a gentleman in reference to the Potter investigation in the House, said in substance as follows: That he spoke quite freely with all visitors, expressing his opinions about that and other subjects of public interest, and had authorized no public statement of his opinions. Some of the statements that had appeared were accurate enough in some respects, but not in all. He did consider the situation as grave, to which he was alive, and he thought public utterances ought to be directed toward and fixed by it.

The movement had grown from a very small beginning, which at first appeared to be hardly worth notice, until it had assumed its present proportions, and unless checked by a counterbalancing public opinion might grow to the dimensions of the most dangerous of those who were participating in it, though not perhaps in excess of the designs of the few extreme and violent men who were responsible for its origin. Personally, so far as his own character could in any possibility be affected by it, he had no cause to entertain any apprehension whatever.

During the progress of the election campaign in Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina he had no knowledge whatever of what was going on other than that contained in the daily public press. No one went to any of those states on his suggestion, or at his request. No one went with any authority from him. No one corresponded or communicated with him in reference to any of the matters that were transpiring. Whatever may have been done was done by those who did it on their own responsibility, and without any knowledge or authority from him; and he had no reason to believe, then or afterward, that any of his party friends had been guilty of anything wrong, or even irregular.

In point of fact, after the result was reached in those states, when he had met some of his party friends who had participated in the proceedings there, he had been assured from every quarter that not only was the Electoral votes of those states legally cast for the Republican candidates, but cast fairly; and upon general and equitable grounds he was fully entitled to claim the benefit of it, and he has no reason for doubting that such is the fact. At last week, he appeared on the Hamtramck race-track, and while shooting at glass balls a swallow flew within range of his snuffing gun. The crowd has become so sanguine of his ability that they cried out, "shoot it," and they were not disappointed when the law leveled his rifle and brought the luckless bird to the ground.

Dr. Carver stands six feet two inches in height, with a frank and pleasing face. He has a pair of keen, restless eyes, which give him a wonderful quickness and precision in sighting. He weighs 196 pounds and is thirty-eight years of age. He intends making a tour of the world, and is now on his way to New York to take passage for Europe. He will give an exhibition of his gun twice while the ball is still in the air, and breaking it with the third shot before it reaches the ground.—This is one of the many fancy shots he executes.

The Hopelessness of Communism.

The hopelessness of Communism in America is in the fact that a great majority of the people are property owners; and in that sense capitalists. They own their own farms, houses, shops, manufactories, railroads, telegraph lines, and so on, and feel abundantly able to manage them without the supervision of the government. Moreover their property represents their own labor with head and hand, and the investment of their own earnings and savings. In a society so constituted the proposition to transfer all property to the government, or cause it to be seized by the government, to be distributed pro rata among the people, can no more take root and flourish than the morals of Dick Turpin, who condoned for robbery on the highway by distributing among the poor what he plundered from the rich.

Dr. C. W. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills are prepared expressly to cure Sick Headache, Nervous Headache, Dyspeptic Headache, Neuralgia, Nervousness and Sleeplessness, and will cure any case. Price fifty cents a box, 30 pills, postage free. Sold by all druggists. Office, No. 106 N. Eutaw st., Baltimore, Md.—May 31, 1878.

This is in almost the exact words of the President, and can be relied upon as a semi-official exposition of his views on the Potter resolution.

A MARVELLOUS MAN.

Some Interesting Facts About Dr. Carver, the Great Rifle Shot—An Eventful Life and a Wonderful Skill.

From the Cleveland Leader.

A Leader reporter yesterday called upon Dr. William F. Carver, the great rifle shot, at his rooms in the Forest City House and had a lengthy talk with him on the matters connected with his early life. He possesses a wonderful history that is full enough of material for the framework of a good drama without going into the realms of imagination or wandering from the paths of truth. Cooper tells some wonderful tales, but never has yet a writer dared to assert a character possessed of a skill equal to that which Dr. Carver has proven to possess. The Indian title "Evl Spirit," on account of his great accuracy with the rifle. Never missing his object they could not understand how it was possible for one to be so dandy in aim, without possessing some supernatural power. Carver's life has been one of thrilling adventures.

CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS.

When only four years old, he never had an equal among the savage tribes that taught his hands their cunning, and helped to train the steady nerve and physical force that is his birthright. When fifteen years of age, he held a council, and declared him the medical man of the entire Dakota nation, which position he occupied for six years, and received in that way the title of doctor. After leaving the Indians he went to school in a small town in Illinois, where he remained four years. The inclination being strong upon him to return to his former associates and pastimes, he betook himself once more at the end of that time to the plains, and soon became famous as a hunter of buffalo, elk and the abundance of wild game that infest the frontier. He claims the reputation of having killed more buffalo on the range, solely and alone, than any party of hunters that ever went in quest of like object. In the fall of 1856 he rescued two ladies from a small band of Comanches, for which daring he was highly commended on by the entire western press. He acquired the reputation of a phenomenal shot at the early age of seven years, when he was known to bring down a blue-jay on the wing with a rifle. As a result of constant practice in this particular line, together with his good habits, muscular form, and unerring nerve, the acquirement of his wonderful skill is attributed. He has achieved great flattering success wherever he has appeared to give an exhibition on his way east. At Omaha he surprised his spectators by killing three teal ducks while flying in succession. At Detroit last week, he appeared on the Hamtramck race-track, and while shooting at glass balls a swallow flew within range of his snuffing gun. The crowd has become so sanguine of his ability that they cried out, "shoot it," and they were not disappointed when the law leveled his rifle and brought the luckless bird to the ground.

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A POET'S TROUBLES.

What Typographical Errors Sometimes do.

By Max Adler.

While Col. Bangs, the editor of the Argus, was sitting in his office one day a man whose brow was clothed with thunder entered. Flashed with lightning, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"

"Of course."

"Read that, then," said he, thrusting at the Colonel an envelope with an inscription on it.

"B—," said the Colonel, trying to spell it.

"That's not a B; it's an S," said the man.

"S? Oh, yes, I see. Well, the words look a little like 'Salt for Dinner,' or 'Souls of Sinners,'" said the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the man, "nothing of the kind. That's my name, Samuel H. Brunner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to you about that poem of mine you printed the other day on the 'Success of Serenity.'"

"I don't remember it," said the Colonel.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the title 'Successes To-morrow.'"

"A stupid blunder of the compositor, I suppose."

"Yes, sir; and that's what I want to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposes me to derision. The people think I am an ass. Let me show you."

"Go ahead," said the Colonel.

"The first line, when I wrote it read this way:

"Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope."

"That is a beautiful, poetic, affecting. Now, how did your verse sheet present it to the public? There it is! Look at it! Made it read this way:

Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope."

Weeping willow, mind you! A widow! O. thunder and lightning! This is too much! It's enough to drive any person crazy."

"I am very sorry," said the Colonel, "but—"

"But look a-here at the fourth verse," said the poet. "That's worse yet. What I said was:

Cast thy pearls before the swine and lose them in the dirt."

"I wrote that out clearly and distinctly, in a plain round hand. Now what does your compositor do? Does he catch the sense of that beautiful sentiment? Does it sink into his soul? No, sir! He sets it up in this fashion:

Cast my pills before the sunrise and lovey them if he hurt."

"Now isn't that a cold-blooded outrage on a man's feelings? I'll leave it to you if it isn't."

"It is hard, that's a fact," said Col. Bangs.

"And then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, as plain as daylight:

Take away the jingling money; it is only glittering dross."